

HARLEQUINS.

COMEDY.

After the Manner of the

THEATRE ITALIEN.

As it is now Acting with great Applause,

By a Company of GENTLEMEN, for the Enter-
tainment of their Friends, at the Great Room
in *Drumcondra-Lane.*



L O N D O N:

Printed for GEORGE LION, M,DCC,LIII.

Dramatis Personæ

MEN.

HARLEQUIN STATESMAN,

HARLEQUIN GENERAL,

HARLEQUIN DOCTOR,



HARLEQUIN ORATOR,

HARLEQUIN LAWYER,

HARLEQUIN BALOUARD, or Blunderer,

HARLEQUIN MILLER.

WOMEN.

T. H. E.

HARLEQUINS.

A

COMEDY.

S C E N E I.

The Curtain draws, and discovers the Doctor and Balouard; the first talking vehemently, the second listening and staring.

D O C T O R.

HE's such a Dog as you cou'dn't pick out of a Kennel; has neither Sense, Humour, or good Manners, Shame or Honesty in him. If you take him in, he'll spoil all. Leave all that Business to me,

I'll handle them to a truth, make Asses of them wherever I meet them, and so ridiculous behind their Backs, that the Mob shall hoot at them. The Fellow has Malice enough, but no Notion of clean Satire.

Balouard. And yet, I think, he was too hard for you the last Time I saw you in Company together.

Doctor. I don't know how the Devil it happen'd; I was bashful that Day and *Crop-sick*, and most of the Company d—d stupid, and cou'dn't take any thing. I was never so out of Luck before! but I'll take care what Company I go into another Time. I tell you again, let me alone to make them ridiculous.

Balouard. By the Lord Harry, it is we that are ridiculous, if you go to that with it; haven't they made sport of us round the three Kingdoms in sham Histories, in Advertisements, and News-Papers, and all that; and some Blockhead among our Friends, who undertook to vindicate us, has made us twice as ridiculous as we were before; and why didn't you set yourself to answer them?

Doctor.

Doctor. I had no Time but the Morning, and then my Hand shakes so I can't write. But stay 'till we get every thing in our own Hands, and then, by G—d, the *Beans out of the Timber* shall answer them; they shall be hang'd for Treason against L—G—, and Captain C—m. We shall get our own Juries; and our own Lawyers shall find every Thing they have hinted at in the Statute of Edward III. Those will be glorious Times, and we shall have Revenge enough. I will piss upon the S—r, and s—e on D—ks; spit in the Face of Lord K—e, call Rogue and Blockhead at every one I hate, and have ev'ry Rascal put in Newgate by the C——s who pretends to have Wit like me, or doesn't laugh when I have a mind to be pleasant.

Balouard. If you resolve on that, you will fall foul on our Friends; for they don't always laugh at your Jokes.

Doctor. It's because they are Fools.

Balouard. Or, perhaps, have heard them before.

Doctor. Do you sett up for a Wit too? A Fellow that's the Jest of all the Kingdom, and has left behind him, where-ever he went, *standing Monuments* of his Ignorance and Folly, and Conceit, and——

Balouard. They will not stand long. But you are an impudent Fellow to dare to arraign my Skill and Judgment. I had Offers from all the Powers in Europe; could have had my own Terms from the Dutch.

Doctor. You have a Dutch Genius, I must own.

Balouard. Nay, then, in spite of your Doctorship, I must cane you; take that, Sirrah——

Enter Miller.

Miller. What, Gentlemen, Friends fall out!—*Barbarous civil War*; Pr'thyee hold; the rest will be here immediately, and we expect the General to-day. Peace you, what?——

[Looks angry at the Doctor.]

Doctor. By G—d you have just as much Sense as he has; a fine Pair ye are; go and build a Mill together, and forget you wanted Water, till the Corn come to be ground. Three thousand Pound! and the Mill, devil a bit would it go.

Miller. Hark ye, there are none here but Friends, and I am used to your Petulance; but by—— if so be, you ever mention that again——

Enter Lawyer, Statesman, and Orator.

Lawyer. If the Indentity of the Person can be proved, who spoke in the Dark, and afterwards went to the Sheriff, we let slide the Election.

Statesman. It seems hard to swear to the Indentity of a Person one hasn't seen.

Lawyer.

Lawyer. Nothing easier, swear to the Voice; is there any one would scruple to swear to T—C—r's Voice, tho' he were shut up in the Centry-box, or A—'s, if he only heard him from t'other Side the Water?

Statesman. But we can't prove the Voice went to the Sheriff, &c. —

Lawyer. Yes, we'll make him speak the same Words on the Floor, and the Evidence shall assert the Identity of Voices. But here comes the General.

Enter General with a Sword of five Fathom long, Postwhip, and Jack-boots, and a Cue trailing the Ground.

Statesman. Noble General, welcome.

All. Welcome, General.

General. Many Thanks, my dear Friends. How has the Cause prospered here? It goes on *swimmingly* on t'other Side; we have W—n-lure, tho' Harry doesn't half like us, or know what to make of our Scheme. G—e is in different, and laughs as he did at his own Treaty. C—m—d hates us, 'tis true, but dares not stir, for some Reasons I'll tell you another Time. Who is that Fellow with the broad Face, and satyr-like Look?

Statesman. One has been of great Use to us, and did good Service underhand; he'll give you an Account of himself better than any one else can. Doctor let me present you to the General.

General. I think I shou'd have seen you somewhere; but pray how long have you been o' this Side?

Doctor. I never was o' t'other Side in my Life.

General. I don't mean this Side the Water, but on our Side the Question.

Doctor. Oh! for that Matter I have been o' this Side, and that Side, of both Sides, and no Side; the last Service I was in turn'd out ill: I waited long, and got nothing; bkgan to hate my Patron, and, by Degrees, got in with our Friends here, gave them Intelligence by every Post, and, being of the *Merry Andrews*, was quite unsuspected, till a Fellow I despised for his Want of Wit, gave my Patron a Hint of my Tricks; he was long e're he would believe it, but at last I was fairly smoaked, and they held Councils what to do with me; it was agreed on a rejoicing Day to hang me on this great Elm for Sport.

General. O' my Word you were near nicking then; and how did you escape?

Doctor. There was no Time to lose, and I was beset on all Sides. I took a running Leap into the great Bason, divided thro' the Pipes, and rose again at *Leixslip Cascade*.

General. What a strange Fellow is this? I think I have heard, Doctor, that you were a good Diver; but, surely, you're too gross to squeeze thro' the Pipe of a *Fiddl'ean*.

Doctor. Oh! Sir, People are dev'lish small when they are going

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going to be hang'd. Did you never hear of going thro' a Key-hole. By G—d there's one of our Friends there, would be glad of so good a Chance, as escaping thro' the Touch-hole of a Gun.

General. (To the Statesman.)

A pleasant Fellow this, and, I believe, speaks Truth.

Statesman. It's Time we retire to Council.

Orator. But, first, let us have a Dance.

All. Agreed.

Enter Harlequin Musician, with Tabor and Pipe,

Statesman. Doctor you know his Tunes best; call for one.

Doctor. Play Roger de coverly.

All. No, no, no,

Doctor. The Irish Trot then.

General. D—n your Irish Trot, and Irish Brogue too,

Orator. I'm for Petticoat-loose.

Miller. So am I; but all on the Floor don't understand it.

Lawyer. The Temple-Maggot.

Doctor. I hate the Temple ever since I lost my own Fortune to make a Lawyer's.

Balouard. The Humours of the Army.

General. D—n it, the Army's against us; let the Piper play what he pleases.

Musician. What d'ye think of Tit for Tat?

All. Ay, ay, we'll give it them home.

First Couple cast off, then set Face to Face, right and left round; other Couples the same, join Hands round, dances off.—The Doctor, having no Partner, sings along with the Tabor, sets to the Musician,, who goes off with him skiking and playing.

End of the First Scene.



SCENE II.

Discovers a Council in Form, the Doctor with his Back to the Company, sitting under the Table, like Apemantus in Timon.

STATESMAN.

AS the Time is at Hand for unlocking the Secret, I shall give you a succinct Account of the present Posture of Affairs. Some Folk, Mr. General, when you left us last, were disposed to insult and turn People by an cily Tongue from their peacefut Inclinations. We could not help it then, you know, as we had fought on bad Ground; and tho' our Friend in the Comte got a few of the Mob together, to give you the necessary Check on going off, it did us no Service here,

here, but you say, faced Matters admirably on t'other Side. So far for Shew at that critical Juncture. We then sent Agents over the whole Kingdom, to get well-judged Compliments from the several Burroughs to the distinguished Merits of their Patrons and Friends, which we suppose, when added to the parting Salute, gave us no small *Eclat* in the Eyes of Europe. In the mean Time we made ourselves agreeable, and familiar, and comical, to all Sorts of People (*here the Doctor looks flouting over his Shoulder*) who came up to Town, especially to those who had no Interest in the Countries they came from. This shewed how disinterested we were, and we sent them Home, transported with our *Affability*, and *Ability*, and *Politeness*, and the rest of the Things, infomuch that at this Time to use our Advocate's Phrase, *all Ranks, in both Sexes, conspire by their Wishes, all that in, them lies, to push us forward.*

Doctor. (getting off the Ground hastily.)

Your Advocate is a Blockhead to touch there. He's all thro' senseless, and his *Panegyrick* is as aukward as his *Sneers*, one without Wit, and the other without Manners. When he compliments he affronts; and his *Equilibres*, and *Politicks*, *Vibrations*, *Oceanas*, and *Stuff*, are hardly fit to support a *Mutton Pye*, tho' he thinks them a Foundation for a *Commonwealth*. G—d—n me, if all the *Palaber* in his Book would impose on an *Herb-woman*, tho' no *Athenian* or influence the Fellow that takes Toll here at the Turnpike.

All. (rising.)

How! how!

Doctor. I, and how again? I told you what would come of his old fashioned Wit, and *buttery Jokes*, his *Tacitus*, and *Cicero*, and *Piso* with his *Eye-brows*, his *neighbouring Crow*.— Could he affront you more if he had call'd you *Rook*? Give him back again his *doturd Trees* and *Oak Saplings*, his *Agricolas* and *Syllas*, *rising Suns*, and *Pompey* ths little, the great, I mean.—The Fellow had Malice in his Heart when he drew Men's Eyes on us in these Lights; and, I believe, did it to flatter the other Side.

General. I had not Time to read that Performance e're I came away, but Mr. S— told me it was inimitable.

Statesman. So it is, but the Fellow will allow no one to have Wit but himself. I ordered a Thousand to be given away *gratis*.

Doctor. Ay, and who will read them but ourselves? Indifferent People will not take the Trouble of wading thro' the Dirt and Mire that surround his No-meaning.

General. Pray let us take our Places, and go on with the Business of the Day.

Statesman. (Aside to the General.)

We are not quite private enough for the rest I have to tell you.

you. This Fellow, and one or two more, must be left behind.

[*Exeunt all but Doctor, Miller, and Balouard.*]

Miller. You have undone yourself both with the *General* and *Statesman*. They think *Pliny* himself could not write such a *Panegyrick* on themselves, or *Lucian* and *Swift* so satyrize their Enemies. You must change your Note, and say as all do that come here, *Parsons*, *Physicians*, *Commissioners*, *Inns o' Court Men*, *Colonels*, and *Sea Captains*, *Country Justices*, and *Common-Council Men*.

Doctor. Why some of them can't read.

Miller. No Matter for that, they can judge as well as nineteen in twenty that do, and their Compliment will be as well taken, as if every one was a *Bentley*.

Doctor. By G—d I must get some of the Book by Heart then, for I shall never be able to say any of my own, without sneering at it.—Here it is.—P. 9. “We see, nor can we see”——*that's strange*——how is it possible we should be “deceived, that, in Fact, every Thing is right, and as it ought to be——*comme il faut*.”——Ay, that's my Apothecary's Phrase when he takes the *lavement*. “No Corruption, no Jobbing;” hum!——won't they kick me if I tell them this? (*goes on.*) “No Assault offered or intended.”——*Why who's to be beat?*

Miller. You, by the L—d; if you're impertinent, leave off I tell you.

Doctor. (*goes on.*)

——“And yet all the Appearances, and Symptoms, of Faction, Whispers, and Spies, fullen and sly Looks. &c. —if there be any Principle to justify this.”——Z——s *must a Man justify the Symptoms of Whispers. Salutations, and Reproaches?* I must look for some other Place, this will never do. P. 6. “The Projector will unavoidably be both ridiculous and contemptible; having nothing to give, his Friends will forsake him,”——*that's right*,——“and getting nothing for himself, they will, with equal Reason, despise him.” Oh the *Ninny-hammer*! to own his Friends want to rob the Publick!

Miller. This is intended to prove their *Sincerity*, which he mentions again, and that they can *hide nothing*. We never pretended any other, and left our old Friend, because he did not *understand the World*, get any thing for himself, or enough for us.

Doctor. Are you teaching me? I know all this, but I insist upon it he's a *Blockhead* to own it.

Miller. Not as Things go now.

Doctor. Why, how are Things to go now? Are Ministers to be *impeached* for serving the King, and getting Nothing for themselves? Did ever any, before this *muddy-pated Writer*, make it a popular Objection to one, who had a Share in the

the Administration for twenty Years, that he had got *Nothing for himself*. This is a fine Way to influence *Electors* either in or out of Doors. Was it not the Glory of a *Walsham*, that he died a Beggar after saving his Country? That he repell'd *Invasions*, established Commerce, made his Fellow Subjects flourishing and free, and left Nothing behind him but his *paternal* Fortune? Was it not *Godolphin's* Pride, and the Boast of his Friends, that he administered Millions, and was not worth a *Groat*? Did they despise him for this? Or was it *Satire* in *Garth*, when he makes it the Subject of poetick Praise, that, during an expensive War, he had provided for the *Treasury* without draining the Subject, made others rich whilst himself was poor, and—left no Coffers empty but his own.

Miller. So you would advise our *Patrons* to empty their Coffers?

Doctor. Advising will not do that Business. I am for getting all we can as well as you; but I would not tell the People so, when we are periwaded them to put all Power in our Hands, I would not tell them of *unlocking* Secrets, or give them *Hints*, that may serve as a Foundation for strange Conclusions.

Miller. I thought our Advocate a little out there, I own.

Doctor. He's out every where, and, if he were intelligible to many Readers, would ruin the Cause, and every Character, of his Friends embarked in it. He courts the People, and, at the same Time, threatens them with the Power of the Crown, magnifies the Mindless of our *G—rs*, and their pacirck Views. and yet insinuates very harsh Intentions, and cross-grained Measures. When he thinks he has vindicated the Reputation of his Patrons, either in Point of Honesty, or Virtue, he had confessed, rather than defended and left every Objection in fuller Force than he found it.

Miller. I confess I never read the Book, tho' I commended it so much; but is this possible?

Doctor. It is hard to *develope* confused Ideas from a Cloud of unnatural and affected Words; but if any Sense can be made of these Passages but one, I should be glad it were explained, *viz. that the Crown ought to exert more Power than it has done, and will do it. P. 35.* After saying there can be no such Thing as Patriotism in Ireland, "What a worthy Nobleman (he says) observed some Years ago, in one Instance, is too generally true in them all, that whatever is too generally true in them all, that whatever is applied to sweeten that, is an effectual *Stiptic*, to stop the bleeding Wounds of their Country. To be serious; such as are fond of assuming this Name always mistaken or forget the proper Idea, which implies (he says) an Attachment to the fundamental Prerogatives of the Crown, as much

" as to the Rights of the People ; for this Reason, " tho'
" tthere were none other, that the former is the Basis
" and Support of the latter ; it will be granted, because Ex-
" perience has often proved it, that *Measures necessary to*
" *the Preservation of the Constitution, may at Times bear hard*
" *on the People?* is it Patriotism to *oppose such Measures?* Of
" late Years excellent Treatises on Politicks have been
" written, but in most, particularly the most celebrated,
" the Leaning has been too great to the popular Side, the
" Cord by pulling is become too tight, and *wants to be slack-*
" *ened.*" And before this, P. 33. " Some Folk at the Ope-
" ning of the next Scene may be less disposed, and have less
" Reason, to triumph and insult than they were at the Close
" of the *last,*" Now what Construction can our Enemies
put on this, but the full Exercise of augmented Power, and
a Disposition to drive where we cannot lead ?

Miller. Drive! by G——d theyre' rusty as Hell, and all
our Applications by Court-Influence, or *London Merchants*
to disenherit *Nephews* ; all Threats of delaying Justice, per-
secuting Friends, putting Negatives on *Elections* in another
Place, even giving Places unasked, and taking them away,
have gained over but few.

Doctor. You are as silly as he.

Balourd. Z——s, let's see three hundred Swords drawn
the first Day.

Doctor. Then for a Sample of the Writer's Dexterity in
salving Sores, and untying Knots, do but look on his own
Words, P. 19. " The intemperate Heat with which the
" Character of one very eminent Person among us has been
" attacked and bandied, &c. — I call it wicked, because
" their Allegations are some of them notoriously false, the
" blackest of them impassible, or, if true, *incapable* of such
Evidence, &c. —"

Balourd. D——n it, will any one believe such a made Story ?

Doctor. But where it's impossible to *disprove* it, he should
have not to mentioned it. His iaying it is impossible,
leaves it as he found it, and, *or if true*, may be thought
granting it, and so construed by People who are *desperately*
wicked. This shews you what a Master he is of other
Men's Ways of thinking, which he has the same Mastery
over, as over his own *Curiosity*, P. 4. which no Man ever
was Master of yet. Then for the formal Story of some
Months ago, P. 23, " The Charge was black, and no Pains
" spared to aggravate and make it blacker. But how did
" he behave? Why he flatly denied every Tittle of it."
Then he weighs Probabilities against each other for three
Pages, and closes convincinly, " none but, Fools will
" believe this, because none but a Fool could be guilty of it,
" or one who had divested himself of all Probity." He is
however I must own, consistent with himself when he says,

P. 39. "He has been obliged to proceed *hypo-thetically* in developing Causes, &c."—for every Thing is supposed, and nothing proved, he is doughty *Defence*, or even made probable, as he handled it. "The C—f G—r had nothing "in Design" How does he know? Because it did not appear, *so People recovered from their Astonishment*. Is one great Person a Friend or no to this Country? Answer, I am surprized it should be doubted.

Miller. Well is not that a good Answer?

Doctor. Our Enemies say they have no Doubts about it either. So it can be no Answer.

Miller. But he will undertake for him, that "when the "Time comes to do us any substantial Service, he will be "as alert as any among them:" and they must be strangely wicked and perverse who won't take such undeniable Security.

Enter STATESMAN, ORATOR, GENERAL, and LAWYER.

Statesman. We have been laying before the General the Plan of our Operations; you, Gentlemen, have been let to it before, (*aside*) as much as we thought proper; and pray how have you entertained yourselves?

Miller. Reading the candid Inquiry. The Doctor is become a Convert, and read it with Pleasure from beginning to End.

Doctor. (*Aside*.) Or from End to Beginning, one's as good as t'other. (*aloud*.) Yes, for my Part, I find it admirable, so easy, so clear, so charmingly diversify'd with Demonstrations and Pleasantries, that nothing *subcelestial* can stand in its Vicinage, without being overtopp'd by its luxuriant Branches.

Al. Oh! you take it then.

Doctor. And then the Satire on *Milesters*, Country 'Squires, bankrupt Orators, screwed Faces, and Fits of Spleen, is so severe, that, I believe, by this Time, some of them have hanged themselves, (*aside to Miller*) if they that are meant cou'd find themselves out in his Characters.

Miller. Or draw Lots for them first, and hang themselves afterwards.

Enter Groom of the Chamber with Letters.

STATESMAN. (*Opens and reads aside*.)

—Has taken Wind that the Estate is to be purchased with Irish Money—says, let him be ever so great a Favorite—should not throw a Kingdom into Confusion, only in order to make an Establishment for one, who is better already than his Friends could hope—

DOCTOR. (*to Miller*.)

There's something there he does not like.

Statesman. Or his Services deserve—*this is strange, but let us see—(goes on reading)* the Colonel has given me a different Idea of—how! how!—and depending on so many concurring Circumstances, that it cannot be supposed—(*aloud*) I

pawn my Life for the Event, at least there's no retracting.
—a Word with you, (to Orator and General, who go off with him.)

Miller. By G—d I have no Opinion, Doctor, of this Enterprize ; we're in no good Way yet.

Doctor. Never fear, we'll both come to't in Time. Ev'ry Dog has his Day, and the Wheel of Life goes round.

Miller. But the Turnspit is always at the Bottom.

[Exeunt.]

End of the Second Scene.



SCENE III.

Enter Statesman and General ; the rest following at a Distance.

STATESMAN.

PUT on a good Face, lest something be guessed at ; if we slacken in the least, or seem to be less sanguine, we're undone.

General. I'll *badinér* a little with the Doctor ; what's his *parchant* ? is he given to W—g ?

Statesman. Invite him to be free with you, and some Diversion may ensue.

General. I hope, Doctor, we shall drink a Bottle together, and be on a free Footing as Friends ought to be.

Doctor. Your Excellency does me great Honour, but it's a Maxim with me never to be wanting in Respect to my Superiors. I can't take the Liberties I see some People do. Prithee, where were you a General ? In Flanders ?

General. Yes.

Doctor. I'll be d—d if I remember your Name in any Newspaper I can't, at least, recollect his Excellency General Harlequin ; but, perhaps, you were a General *incognito* ?

General. No, not quite.

Doctor. Perhaps, a General *in esse*, as our Friend the Advocate has it ?

General. There may be something in that ; or, at least, in *Posse*.

Doctor. I understand you ; our Friend there, the Orator, is in the same Predicament ; and, pray, when you both get this *Posse-ship*, which will be the greater Man ?

LAWYER. (to Miller.)

Believe me, you had best rake him down, he'll go too far else, and discover to them that we know more than they wish we should.

Miller. So much the better, they'll confide in us the more.

General. Why, Doctor, as to that there, much is to be said.

Doctor. But, I hope, not much to be *done* ; for if there

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be, more Hands will be wanting, and the People, in general, are so d—d dull, that they will be apt, for a great while, to give the Preference to the *Orator*, and not readily see the Advantages of having the *General* above him.

General. We may chance to help their Eye-fight in a little Time.

Doctor. Did you bring any Powders with you for that Purpose, or will you take up with what you can get here? you may have an excellent Wash for weak Eyes at the *Elixir Ware House* in *Silver Court*.

General. That's but quacking, we intend to use the purging Medicine already made up in *Golden-Square*.

Doctor. That's a d—d dangerous Medicine, to my Knowledge; if you give it without regular Advice, it will set the Patients mad; and, as far as I see, the only Doctor in Town, whose Skill is to be relied on, will not take a Fee from you.

General. Tut, I'll take it first myself, to convince them there's no Danger in it. All my Acquaintance have taken it, and found great Benefit. It makes them see clear; and, besides, never fails curing the Spleen.

Doctor. Why don't you give it then to the *Projector*, who, as our *Advocate* says, is so much troubled with the Spleen.

General. D—n him, it has been prescribed for him over and over; he's squeamish, swears he never quacked in his Life; trusts to Nature and Constitution, says he can't swallow Pills, and such Stuff, as a Man of Sense should be ashamed of; the Consequence of which will be, that he'll quickly cast his Shoes, and give the *Crow* a Pudding, and then he may be as splenetick as he will.

DOCTOR. (Looking down at the Orator's Feet.)

I hope, Friend, you're well shod, or you may chance to go barefoot if you wait for his Shoes.

Orator. By G—d I am less impatient to wear them than you are to get a cast Cloak; if they come as a Legacy, well; —heark'e, (whispering.) no more of this, I see the Statesman don't like it.

Statesman. You're in some Spirits To-day, Doctor. But why so many Questions to the *General*, on Subjects so foreign? hadn't you better give him some Account of the Town, which no body knows better than you, or the *Ardmagh Election*; for my Part, I have heard nothing a great while about that Affair.

Doctor. I have heard nothing new since the *Remonstrance*.

Statesman. A heavy Piece.

Doctor. Yes, by C—r, heavy enouge; more so, I think, than the *Battle of Clontarf*. I wish, however, these heavy Rascals would let us alone; because when their Pieces fall into the Hands of other heavy Fellows, they make heavy Remarks, and so much Heaviness united, will make Things go heavily,

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Statesman. Nay, Doctor, are you going to be heavy too?

Doctor. I wish you would give me Cause to be light; is it possible for a Man to be clever on the Side he gets Nothing by?

Enter a Harlequin Courier, delivers a Letter to Statesman, who opens and reads.

Statesman. It is come at last, and just worded in the Terms we conceived it here. I suppose this will silence all Clamour, and make it appear as plain as the Sun, that ev'ry Man, who opposes us, is a factitious Person, an Enemy to his Country, a Promoter of that damnable Doctrine and Position, that ev'ry Man knows best where his Shoe pinches, that People may cry out when they're hurt, or complain when they are grieved,

Lawyer. In Truth we have a good-natured Master, who will let no one affront his Servants, without writing Letters on the Occasion.

General. Ay, and without any Sollicitation on their Part.

Balouard. Would to God he writ a Letter for me to some unreasonable People.

Doctor. Or for me with a French Title at the Top.

Statesman. Let us lose no Time in communicating this to our Friends.

[Exeunt all but Doctor, who looks round, then steps forward on the Stage.]

Doctor. (Solus.) These are trim Politicians, as my Friend Clincher has it, to beat an Alarm, when they want to steal a March. We are d—ly out of Heads, that's the Truth on't. Here are they going, Neck or Nothing, on an Enterprize, with but one String to their Bow, and that twisted up with such different Materials, that one or other must break. If one Man be removed, or another dies; if one keeps his Resolution, or another breaks it; if one Man recovers his Senses, or another loses them, or in twenty other Instances, if one Contingency fails them, they break down at once, or crack like a Squib, and leave nothing behind them but a Smell of Brimstone.

I knew them, and yet fate so ordered it that I never was at rest till I got among them. There's something singular in ev'ry one of the Set but me. One will be undone by his Vanity, another by his Haste, the Miller by Projects, Balouard by his Presumption, and will bring an old House over his Head before he's aware on't. The Lawyer can't be undone as yet; and, indeed, that's partly my Security. Then for their home Politicks, the Sum of them consists in two ingenious Contrivances, Lying, and good Eating. By the first, they frighten Fools or cajole them, and puff themselves in Newspapers, like Tay or the Oculist. By the Second, they secure in their Interest ev'ry Lover of Tit-Bits about Town. I don't rightly like myself in this Situation, and have little Hopes

Hopes of making of Fortune among them: Two Things, however, I am sure of, good Cheer and Diversion; and, in order to enjoy them in full Latitude, I'll be quite impartial hereafter, and eat on both Sides of the Question. I will divest myself of all Prejudices against *French Cookery*, and *Champaign*, as well as *Beef and Claret*. A Man may bring his *Stomach*, as well as *Conscience*, to any Thing; and I begin to think the last is always governed by the first. When the Appetite is craving, the other can't rest; and Peace of *Stomach* is Peace of *Conscience* at any Time. It is a *Solecism* in *Ethicks*, as well as *Politicks*, to apply to one till you have appeased the other; therefore I hold Promises to be directly against *Conscience*, as they don't fill the Belly; if they did, I should ha' been full long ago. My Wishes end in *Peace and Plenty*. If our Enemies prevail, we shall have *Plenty*; if our Friends, we shall have *Peace*; for no body can quarrel, when there's nothing to quarrel about; so ends my System. [Goes off singing,

F I N I S

EP I L O G U E.

Spoken by *Harlequin Orator*, and written by himself, at the Request of the *Playmaker*.

A Play without a Plot, our Poet says,
Is nothing strange, in these unplotting Days.
Time was, when Plots in great Request were had,
And found a ready Market, good or bad;
For Court, as well as Stage, were worth the making,
And help'd the Statesman out, in bitter-taking,
But now, the Statesman's is an easy Trade,
And Plot-makers may hang, but ne'er be paid.
The Player now, no more on Plots relies,
And Johnson's Place, a Maddox well supplies,
In all Professions too, their Use is gone,
And ev'ry Plotter sure to be undone.

To form a Plot, some Sense and Cunning claims;
But Sense will never do, for modern Schemes.

A General's Plot no farther now extends
Than how to help his Foes, to beat his Friends:
An Envoy's Plot in narrow Compass lyes,
And means no more, than stipulate Supplies.

Why then the Stage, to plotting make Pretence?
When no one looks for Spirit, Taste, or Sense?

For more Excuse, our Poet bids me say,
He can't, for want of Women in the Play.

In Scrub's Receipt for making Plots, we find
A Priest, a Frenchman, and a Woman join'd.

In some bad Plots, or first, or next, is common,
But never Plot was good, without a Woman.

[Bows and smiles till Curtain drops. Audience claps and
shouts

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In the Press, and speedily will be published,

A N ANSWER to a late Pamphlet, intituled, *A Free and
Candid Inquiry, Addressed to the Representatives, &c. of
this Kingdom.*

